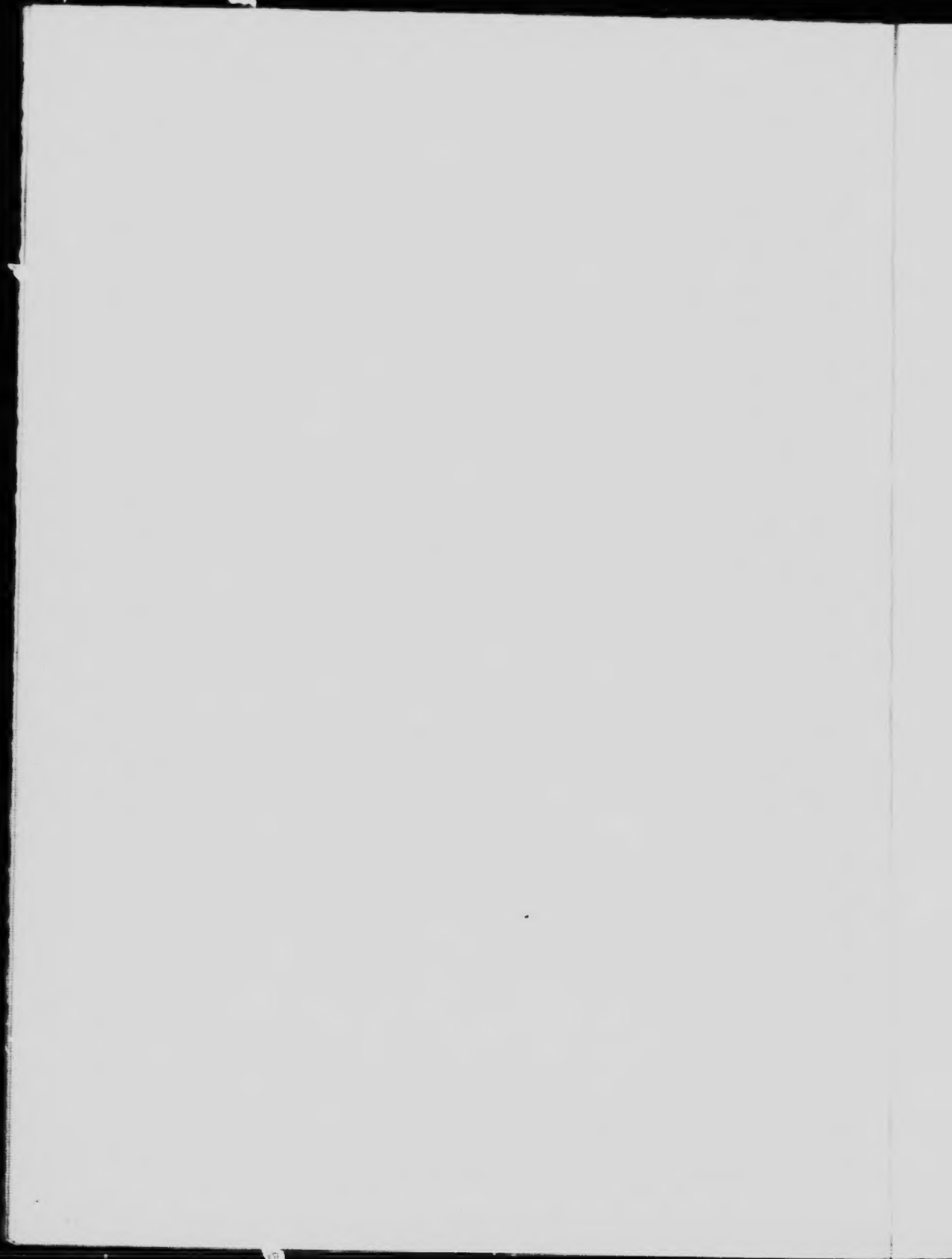


125
With

the affectionate regards
of the author



KETCHES



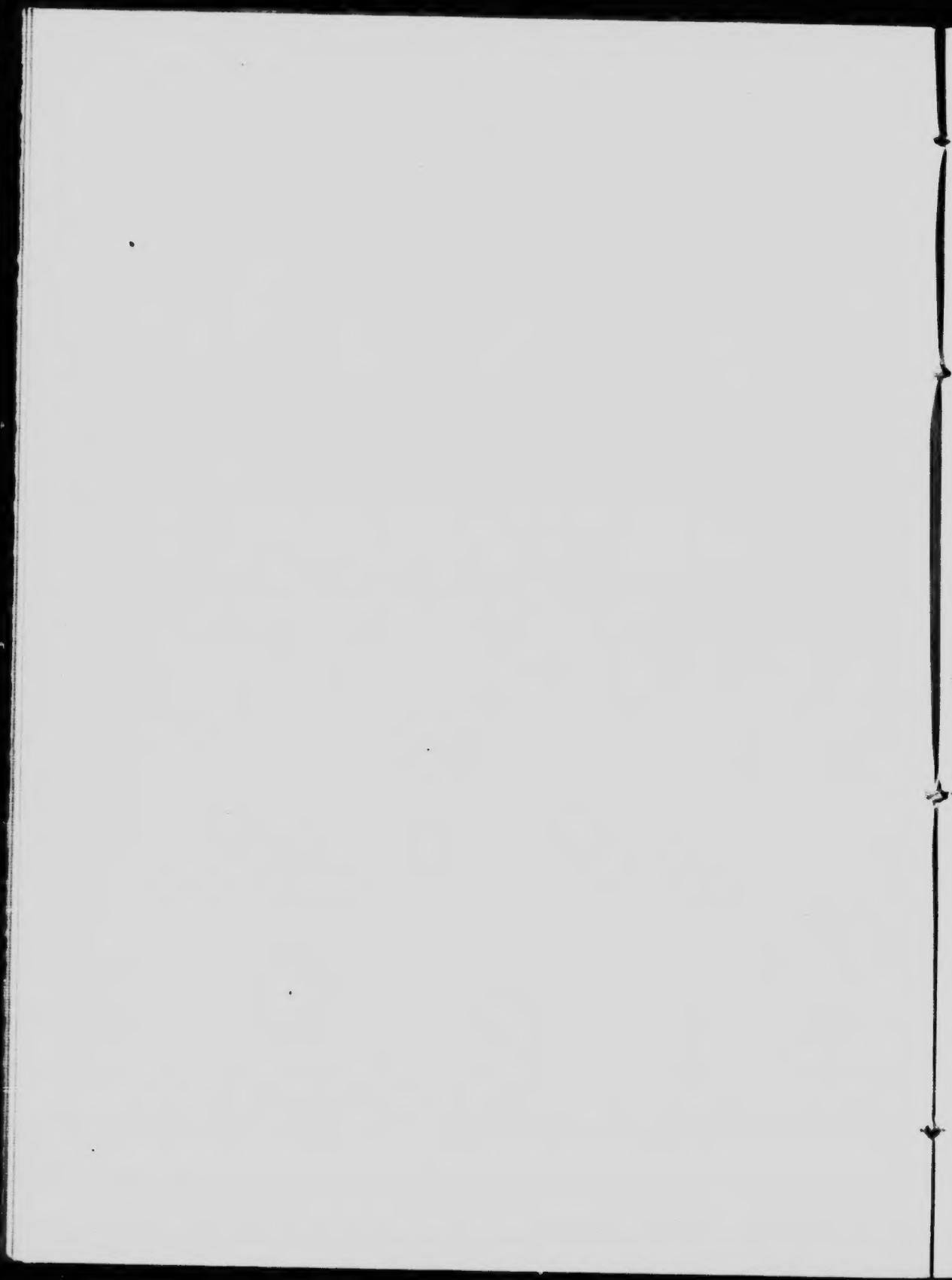
FRANCIS DAOR

NOTE.



THESE eighteen sketches are selected from certain sketches and articles that first appeared in the "Montreal Herald," over the name of Francis Daor.

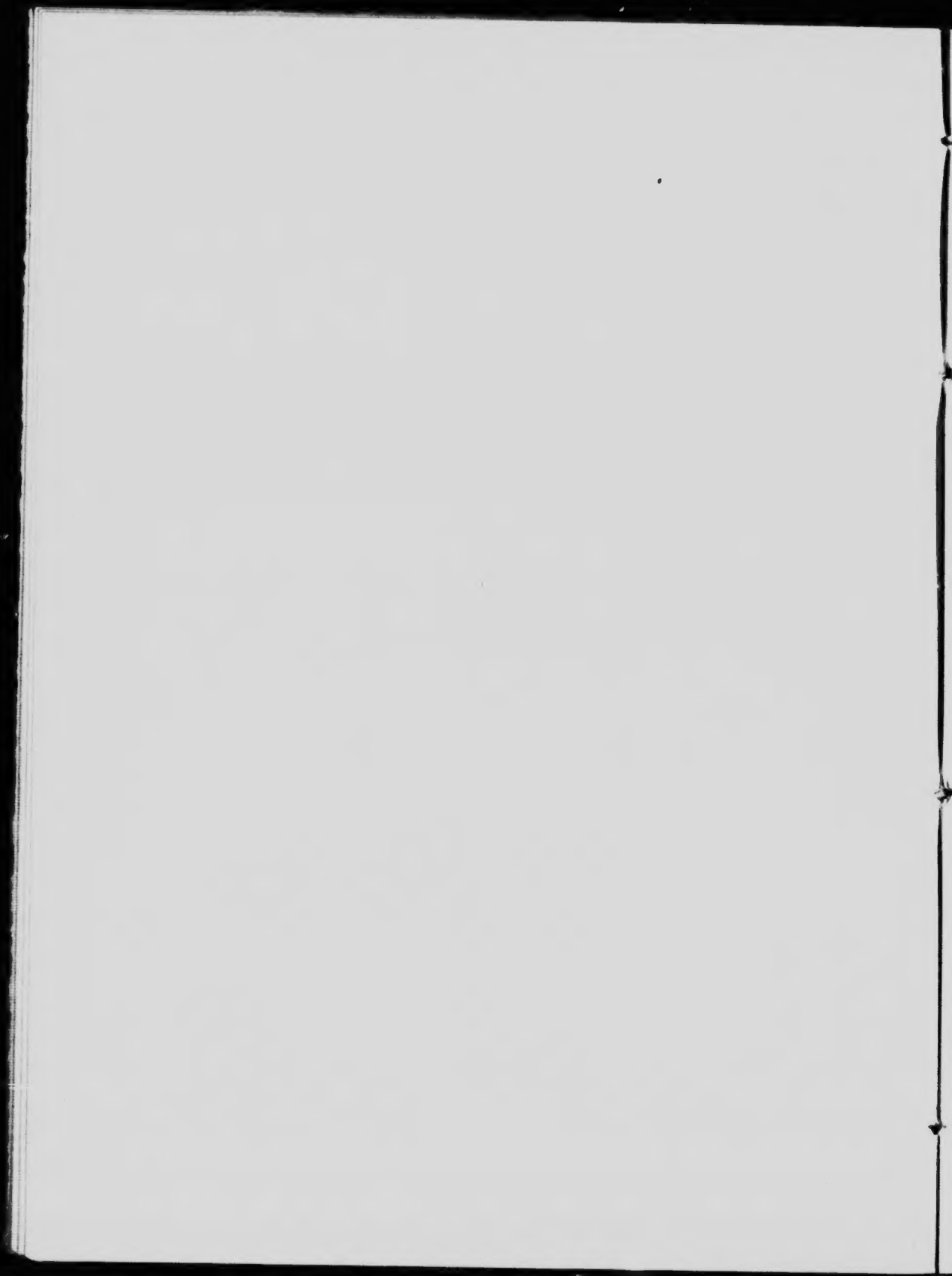
No copies of these sketches, other than this limited edition, will be published.



INDEX.



1. The Mountain of Illusion	7
2. When One is Young	11
3. A Failure	16
4. The Twilight Bell	18
5. A Difference of Years	20
6. The Great Spirit	22
7. The Answered Question	25
8. The Six O'clock Whistle	32
9. The Glow of Starlight	35
10. The Old Military Cemetery	38
11. Purpose and Success	45
12. A Sabbath Evening	48
13. The Philosophy of Death	52
14. The Victory	54
15. A Daisy Field	56
16. The Sunshine of Youth	59
17. The Cool of the Evening	65
18. "Comme on Meurt"	68



THE MOUNTAIN OF ILLUSION.



MEN and women in the world, who make their way blithely along the pathway of life, with song and laughter and courage, now passing across plains, now wending through villages, sometimes come to high mountains, which tower above them, obstructing their march and offering to the general eye no means of easy ascent. The great rocks inspire them with fear. The height of them fills them with dread and discouragement. If they are religious they fall on their knees and pray; if they are cowards they turn back on their path, or sit and view with dismay the obstacle before them, while the preachers and the teachers among them assure them with decisive emphasis that if they have faith enough, the mountain, with its difficult ascents, will be removed.

Whereupon the people, with cries and prayers, will call upon the good God to take away the mountain that they may continue their journey.

And while they are making a great outcry, a man comes up to the foot of the mountain and

thinks a little. He sees that the precipice is steep and that no one has made an effort to scale it. He sees the dangerous ravines, the bare rocks, the places where a man would be in danger of losing his life. The ascent is dangerous, long, hard, nearly impossible, but—

The man hears the voices of the people who cry and pray at the foot of the mountain, hears also the words of their preachers,—“have enough faith and the mountain will be removed,” and looks up at the top of this obstacle, towering far above him. He knows that if he climbs to that height he will make a path, along which the others will, perhaps, have courage to follow him.

But there is one thing that it is necessary to take with him.

That is—faith!

“Can I do it?” He questions. “Have I the strength, the will? Do I believe in myself, in my purpose?”

He laughs. He folds his arms. He takes the first step, and hears the words again, “enough faith to remove mountains.” He takes another step.

“For me,” exclaims he, “there is no mountain!”

And while the others cry and pray, he climbs. Day after day, with an unconquerable courage, he climbs. One day, when death came near to him, he laughed at it. “It is nothing,” he said, and death shrank away.

At last he stands on the top of the mountain, his purpose accomplished. His lips are firm, his

muscles strong from force of combat. The climb is over.

He hears a murmur of voices below him. It comes from the people who pray for the good God to remove the mountain.

"For me," repeated the man, "there is no mountain!"

• • • •

There was once a man, who was blind, dependent upon others. Yet, in his blindness, this man composed the greatest epic poem in the English language.

"As for me," said Milton, "I know no obstacle!"

A leader of armies wished to cross the Alps, with his soldiers, a feat, which, to the prudent, seemed impossible.

"For me," said Napoleon, "there are no Alps!"

There was a Dante, with his sorrows, his exile, his proud spirit embittered by adversity. Yet he defied them with scorn, and led a world into dreams of highest heaven and lowest hell.

There was a Peter the Great, of Russia, a Cromwell of England, a Washington of America, a Frederick the Great, of Prussia, an Alexander, who played fearlessly on the chess board of nations,—while the world wondered.

"For us," cried they, "there are no mountains; undaunted purpose erases them from our path."

The world advances by faith,—always,—the faith that is great enough to include fearlessness, and determination, and say :

“For me there are no mountains! When I face them with courage they are removed. When I laugh at them, they are not there!”



WHEN ONE IS YOUNG.



NIGHT had fallen over the city. Grey, deepening shadows had, long since, put a softening touch over the bright light of a winter's afternoon. The mountain had shaded to mistiness; the sun had fallen behind it to set in the far western horizon; the night-lights of the city shone forth one by one.

The day's work over, the crowds of wearied toilers, business men and working girls, had given place to the amusement seekers of the evening. Into the doors of His Majesty's and the Academy, the people were making their way for a few hours' respite from their own troubles. The cafés had but a few stragglers, and the stores were closed to customers. Downtown had come uptown, and uptown was fast disappearing into its chrysalis.

A young man, who had turned a corner leading into a quiet, residential street, took his latch key from his pocket, and, unlocking a door, opened it, and made his way familiarly through the long hall

to a large room at one side. A bright fire burned in the fireplace, casting its gleams across the otherwise darkened room, and lighting up the long rows of books, the photographs on the mantel, the easy chair by the fireside.

Taking off his cloak and cap he sat down in the dimly lighted room, in the chair by the fire. He could see the gleam of skates, and the outline of snowshoes in the corner, but these held no charm as compared with his present feeling of ease and comfort. He leaned back in his chair letting his body relax luxuriously, then taking a cigar from his pocket he lit it and began to smoke, watching the long grey curling whiffs in the fitful gleam of the firelight.

It had been his whim the day before to bring some roses uptown with him, and now, from the vase on the table near, their fragrance came to him. He let his hand fall idly, by the side of the chair, and his thought wandered.

A summer's day, in its beauty and fragrance, passed before him. In a garden, standing by the rose bushes, a sweet-faced girl was waiting,—waiting for him. He had come by the garden path, and met her, with a rushing of many thoughts to his lips which found no utterance save in stammering and whispering and clasping of hands. He had told her, while the birds sang gaily above them, how he loved her, and she had smiled at him, lifting her sweet lips to his, her blue eyes clouded, like sky flecked with mist.

Another day passed before him,—a grey autumn day, in which, across the coldness and barrenness, had come a girl's laugh and a girl's farewell,—and a steeling of one man's heart as he had turned from one summer idyll to an indifference toward all summer idylls.

Since then he had not seen her. The light of the fire blazed up marking the stern lines in his face, and his fingers closed tightly. Over and over he had told himself that he never wished to see her again. He moved slightly as if he would turn from the fragrance of the roses near him, and bending forward restlessly pushed back his chair and got up. Across the room a gleam of moonlight had crept in. His cigar had gone out and he tossed it into the burning coals of the fireplace. He crossed to the window, and opening it, leaned out into the cold night air. The clear light of the moon and stars seemed to send a gleam of distinctness over the roofs of the buildings near and even brought out the old mountain in the distance. Down on the street below a long ray of light lay across the snow-beaten walk.

Two McGill boys went by, pulling a long toboggan after them. They were coming home from the Park Slide, and glanced up at his window as they passed. They called a greeting as they recognized the figure in the window, and he answered distinctly. Others passed, going home, their skates gleaming in the light, or their snow-shoes swinging from their shoulders.

The young man watched it all dreamily, and always the fragrance of the roses came to him. He moved a little and putting out his hand took a flower, a half-blown rose from the vase, and held it gently, with a woman's tender touch, cradled in his hand.

Suddenly a clear, rippling laugh broke the stillness. His hand closed convulsively over the flower. His breath was caught quickly.

Into the light a graceful girlish figure came, snow-shoes fastened across shoulders, tuque on tossed and curly hair, sash caught and thrown aside by moccasined feet, as it lengthened itself from a carelessly tied knot at the waist. Beside the girl walked a tall, straight, lithe young college man. They did not look up as they passed in the gleam of the moonlight.

The man in the window leaned out. The girl's face caught the distinct tracing of the night artist. The long lashes, the delicately penciled brow, the straight nose, the half tender, half laughing, quivering lips, the small rounded chin,—a moment,—and they had passed.

The man in the window had fallen back. He was tearing and twisting the flower in his hand. He was kneeling; his head fell over on the window sill.

He had said he would forget.

But, he could never forget,—never forget.

The two snow-shoers were out of sight. The window of the darkened room was still open and

the cold wind was tossing to disorder the curling locks of the bowed head.

The fire was going out,—only a few bright coals shone through the ashes. The gleam of the moonlight still fell across the room. A breeze brushed the stiffening, bruised petals of a rose from the window sill.



A FAILURE.



THE city lay outstretched before him. He could see Victoria Bridge, the river, the islands, the towns on the opposite shore, the roofs of the houses and spires of the churches, the green trees, and the mountain road below him. Often had he stood above it all before, and often had his heart answered to the peace about him, but to-day, more than ever, did the peace and the beauty appeal to him.

A team passed on the road below. It looked with the rest, small and toy-like in size. All the worrying, wearing difficulties of business in the man's brain seemed to become Lilliputian, like the houses and ships and river below him. The insignificance of man, the immensity of space, the shortness of life, were mapped out in his mind as by the pencil of one who would draw a bird's eye view of thought itself.

Had he not found himself poorer that morning by thousands of dollars? Had it not seemed as though he could not face the years of work to put himself back, clear of debt, and independent, in the business world again? But, somehow, the

years looked short to him from this broader vision. The loss seemed insignificant. The worry seemed useless. His duty alone loomed up unsurmounted before him, and now he did not shrink from the climbing.

He passed his hand over his forehead as if brushing the cobwebs from his brain. He felt the relaxation of himself, mentally and physically; he felt the power of the soul that makes struggle and necessity its slaves, instead of being bound by them.

He ran his fingers carelessly over the cut initials on the weatherbeaten wood of the old Lookout. Down in the city he knew he was financially a ruined man, he was deeply in debt, but he laughed with a quiet courage as he remembered it. The struggle with himself was over, the struggle with the world was as nothing. The blue sky above him, the warm summer breeze, seemed like a benediction upon him. He looked up from the city, below him, into that immensity of space. He stretched out his arms as if to enjoy the freedom, the peace, the quietness, and his voice caught up the words in thankfulness of the glorious "everlasting yea":

"To me also, it is given, to work out my way into the higher sunlit slopes—of that Mountain which has no summit, or whose summit is in Heaven only."

THE TWILIGHT BELL



IT was dusk, and two people stood in the shadow of Notre Dame—a man and a woman. The bells of the church were ringing, and hurrying crowds were passing along Notre Dame and St. James streets. The cabmen walked briskly up and down by the square opposite.

The woman was speaking.

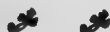
"There is a legend," said she slowly, "that every evening just at twilight a bell is rung by the angels, 'the twilight bell' the legend calls it. It is said that if man, when the day's work is passing into the night's rest, put from his heart all thought of hatred and passion and sin, he can hear its wonderful music. It is a pretty thought, is it not? What if this whole city of men, women and children should stop in their hurry and work and play, and the din of the city's traffic be hushed, the arm of the murderer lifted to kill, embrace; the hand that steals, restore; the brain of the drunkard become clear; the thought that is sinful become pure. I wonder if in the marvellous hush, the quiet of

twilight, these thousands of people in this modern, progressive city could not hear the music of the angels? Just a whim," and the woman put her hand lightly on the man's arm, "just a whim, but I wonder."

The man laughed. "The idea is certainly not practical," said he.



A DIFFERENCE OF YEARS.



HE was young,—young with that exulting, ambitious, devil-daring, vital youthfulness that saw neither precipice nor ravine; young in his unquestioning faith in the world; young in his unquestioning faith in himself; young in his ideals, his hopes, his visions. Primarily he was young, exuberantly, impatiently, splendidly young.

He was impatient of his youth, because he saw that wide field of the world waiting for him,—waiting for him. His eyes saw nothing of the ruts and stones and ditches and pits, but the pedestal on which was the wary little god,—success,—seemed very, very near; so near-sighted is youth.

And the studies, and professors, and routine of student days wore on him for he was vitally youthful. At last he turned his back upon them and went out into the world, which was waiting for him, a world that was wrapped in a golden mist and roseate glow like that of the rising sun, and as he went into it he sang gaily.

And his youthfulness made him blind. He fell into ditches and pits and ravines, and he forgot his song, so hard and so difficult was the climbing out

of them. He lost his faith in himself, and when some one tripped him to pass him in the race, he lost faith in others. After many years, with no song on his lips, with no youthful glow in his eye, he reached his goal and success crowned him.

* * * *

And stopping, then, the man kept looking back,—always looking back. He tried to retrace his steps but he could not, and only stumbled into another man in his attempt; and the other man looked at him questioningly.

"Why do you try to go back?" said he.

"I want to be young again,—I would give all my success for lost youth," was the answer.

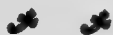
The other man smiled, half-compassionately:

"So it is with us all,—with us all. And should we tell impatient youth that he holds the wealth of life in his hands, in being young, he would laugh at us. Youth is blind. Yes, youth is blind!"

And Success echoed:

"Youth is blind!"

THE GREAT SPIRIT.



IT is a winter's night.

On the mountain the black-trunked trees are clear and strong against the white snow. Their long, bare branches are motionless, for even the wind is still, hushed by this tranquillity of darkness.

Like the little efforts of man, the lights of the city shine through the trees, dazzling, inviting, seductive as a scene of fairyland—and fascinating to the joyous heart of a child.

There lie the activities of man; there breathes the heart of civilization; there does the mind of the student search for more light.

The years are long past since this wood extended down to the banks of that child of the lakes, the great St. Lawrence. Then there was no clamor or glamour of city. In the evening, here and there, perhaps, were the fires of the Indians and the dim outlines of their wigwams, but the forest alone watched in its unchallenged guardianship, silent, mysterious, the monarch of the wilderness. There was no theatre save the amphitheatre of nature;

no church save the woods and the hills; no vices, even. These were a simple, though a savage people, with a simple belief in a Great Spirit, and a simple code of laws, not difficult to understand, but effective.

Now the city is there, full of noise, of lights and of progress. But what is it, this progress? Men who study, who think, who do great things? A cramped humanity in a city, where is not room enough for all to live? Survival of the fittest? Complex living? Or, what?

Under those lights is the man who, among his books, thinks and ponders and reasons and wonders how this Universe is run, and Who runs it. Another reads and reads, and reads a little more, and finally declares with droll certainty that he knows some one runs it. Another does not care. Another ridicules. Another is al and does something for the benefit of his fellows. And the rest work a little, think a little, and die.

Down there is the busy, feverish city!

Here is the remnant of the forest of old—the sky—and unbroken tranquillity.

Overhead the stars are shining in the marvellous expanse of the heavens—noble, grand, majestic, the stars of a thousand, two thousand, three thousand years and more. Under the temporal lights in the city, men ponder over questions of eternity, but up here are the lights of eternity set for all time.

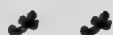
Down among the throngs of men are activity

and restlessness. In the cathedral and workshop of space, peace and wisdom reign.

Up here, unperceived, live the forgotten spirits of the old forest lovers, who creep out in dim shapes to worship the Great Spirit, and smile in their savage wisdom at the complex problems that trouble the foolish souls of men, in that they go not to eternal things to learn eternal truths.



THE ANSWERED QUESTION.



HE was a young man, a man with a strong face, clear cut and thoughtful. More than usually thoughtful, it seemed, as it outlined itself in the light that came through the stained glass window of Christ Church Cathedral, at a Sunday morning service. The rays of sunlight had lit up, in a dim brightness, the pew and its occupant, and had touched into golden the curling brown hair of the boyish head, which was bowed reverently as the words of the morning prayer sounded through the church:

. we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things, which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us."

" And there is no health in us." Over, and over again the lips of the worshipper moved repeating these words and his head fell forward on his hands, which were clasped tightly over his prayer-book. Somewhere there was an answer to the great question that had struggled into his

heart, somewhere,—but where? In the life ahead of him were many paths to follow, but, which one? In his soul burned great ambitions, but his hands dropped helpless. The cry came from his very soul as he repeated slowly the words again and again:

“there is no health in us.”

All through the service the earnest question was stamped on his face. The words of the sermon did not answer it. The prayers did not answer it; and it was but intensified as the music of a hymn swelled through the Cathedral, and the words broke across his deep thoughtfulness:

“A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.”

The last note of music from the organ had sounded and the last worshipper had long since left the church, when the young man rose and made his way down the dim aisle, into the beautiful spring day outside. Slowly he walked up toward Sherbrooke Street, and then followed on toward the mountain, seldom looking up, and when he did, only to meet the eyes of passers-by with the same intensified question darkening his own.

He walked on until he had reached the mountain itself, following up the roadway to the foot of the steps, and there he sat down and leaned against

the railing. The warm air and the stillness rested him and he closed his eyes as if to answer the question in them, by shutting it away from the world.

And before he could open them again something stronger than sleep had sealed them, for a net was drawn across his thought, tightening it until it held him bound, and instead of the mountain road, a great garden stretched before him, crossed by wide paths and shaded by spreading branches of beautiful trees. Fountains played in it, and little Loves danced and frolicked amongst the flowers, while over it all fell the bright sunbeams, lighting up the green sward, and warming the red lips of beautiful women who walked through it.

And he, too, walked in the garden and the beautiful women beckoned him with their eyes, and stretched out their hands, and drew their fingers across his eyelids that they might enslave him, and brushed their lips on his cheek. From the garden came the heavy fragrance of the flowers, turning him drunk with passion and desire, so that he walked blindly. He tried to drive the mist from his brain, but the fragrance grew stronger, the finger tips of the beautiful women pressed more heavily on his eyelids, fast dimming consciousness.

"Yes," said he, "I will drink of Love, Love, Love, I will drown my sorrows in love, I will drown my heart-ache here."

But even as he spoke a strong hand drew him back.

"No," came a grave voice, "not yet. You may come back, but now, come away—and beware—for beneath this garden is a pit, so deep that when one falls into it he never rises."

And the young man turned.

"Where am I?" questioned he.

"You are in the Garden of Pleasure," answered the grave voice. "You may return if you will, but now come."

And the young man followed the guide, still looking back at the beautiful garden, still with the unanswered question in his eyes, and they came into a strange country, where many men worked with bent brows, and stooped shoulders; men who worked as men digging in the soil for hidden treasure, looking jealously on those beside them, and when they found a precious stone, they hugged it to their bosoms and hid it, and set to work again, with their eyes on the ground. On one side was a graveyard with the stones moss-grown, and mouldy, for the workers were too busy to care.

And the young man turned to his guide.

"And this?" he questioned.

"Listen," was the answer. Across the stillness stole beautiful music; music which made even the workers lift their heads and listen, and the young man felt the blood dance in his veins, and his heart beat in glad leaps, and he ran for a spade that he might set to work with the others.

"I would stay here," he cried as his eyes caught the sharp gleam of the workers, "where I can ever

hear this wondrous melody. I could die with that in my ears."

"You stand in the workshop of Fame," said the grave voice, "where man works for self and the applause of men. The music is the approval of the world as it sounds to human ears. You may come back if you will, but now, you must come."

And again the dream faded, and again the questioning eyes shone out dissatisfied.

Once more the young man stood in a strange country, with his guide. A valley stretched before them, while over the hills a glorious light shone. There was no music; there were no little Loves playing about them but the long line of toilers sang to one another while they worked, and sometimes one would drop his tools to help his companion. Their backs were straight, their hands were steady and their wish was ever towards their comrade's good. The path they trod was narrow, but the light that shone over it was wonderful—and the young man's face lit up. He stood beside one of the toilers and noticed the firm muscles and fine curves of his body, saw the hand stretched out to lift a fallen worker, heard the words that fell like music from his lips, and as he stood the man turned from his work and looked at him. The young man started back with a cry, for in those eyes he had read the answer to his question.

And he turned to his guide.

"Where am I?" questioned he.

"You are in the Valley of Duty," was the answer.

"Does the music of Fame ever reach it?"

"Sometimes," was the answer, "but they do not heed it."

"Does Love come with them in their pathway?"

The guide smiled.

"Not the Loves that you saw playing in the garden, but the very tools of these workers is Love,—look."

And it seemed as if the whole world were opened to the sight of the seeker. And he saw these men in their places in it. Some were fighting for a principle, some struggling to lift their fellows, some against mountains of ignorance to bring in the light of truth, others for purity of conscience, all with the same light of the Valley in their eyes.

And the young man turned and said to his guide:

"What is worth while in the world?"

And the guide answered:

"This."

And the question in the young man's eyes died away and the light of the Valley came into them,—and the net was drawn from his brain.

Before him stretched the mountain road. A horseman cantered by, looking at him wonderingly. Somewhere up amongst the branches birds were singing.

He got up and climbed the steps, slowly, and when he had gone half-way he turned and looked down over the city, the city that he loved. His muscles were tense, his lips firm, his hands steady, his eyes clear.

For a while he stood there, and then turned and came back down the steps. There was no question in his eyes as he turned again into the mountain roadway. There was no hesitation in his step as he went down into the city once more. Up there on the mountain had he touched the borders of eternal verity. Up there on the mountain had he silver-edged his own soul with the light of pure purpose and strong courage.



THE SIX O'CLOCK WHISTLE.



A workingman, swinging his dinner-pail, had turned into an alley-like street in the East End, and had caught up a dirty-faced little boy, who was standing on the corner.

"How's Dad's boy?" said he, as he swung him up on his shoulder, and waved his hand to a woman standing in the door of a tenement up the street.

"Dood boy, Dadda," was the answer, as the two baby hands were clasped about the man's grimy neck, "me dood boy, Dadda."

At the door of the tenement the man put the child down, with a laugh.

"Work's over, Jeanie," said he, as he followed the woman into the house, "Work's over for one more day."

The woman smiled sympathetically as she put the supper on the kitchen table and then washed the baby's face.

"No one's gladder than I am, Jack," said she, as she poured out a cup of tea. "Billy and I get tired here alone, all day."

"At home all day?" queried the man, as he took a big drink of the hot tea, and then chucked the baby under the chin to make him laugh.

"Yes," answered the woman, with a nod.

After the supper things were cleared away, the man sat down in the door-way and began to smoke, playing with the baby, and then lounging across the street to talk to the old shoemaker, who was busy at work in his shop.

"Feel queer to-night, a little," said the man when he at last turned away. "The day was so blamed hot—I thought it would never end."

The old shoemaker nodded as he drove another nail into the boot he was mending.

"Looks like rain," said he, meditatively, as he looked quizzically out into the night.

* * * *

All that night the workingman slept fitfully. In his dreams he seemed to be a little boy waiting for his father to come from his work. He remembered how he would sit on the steps and listen eagerly for the six o'clock whistle, which would tell him that soon Daddy would be getting home. All his life long he had waited for that whistle, and now it rang over and over in his ears, shrill and sharp—over and over again, until he seemed to be trying to choke some one, thinking he could so stop the din in his ears, and as he struggled, he awoke.

It was morning. A white-faced woman was standing by the bed talking soothingly to him. Near her stood a man; he realized dimly that it

was the shoemaker; and then again that whistle sounded, and they were blotted out.

All day long, he lay, dreaming or sinking into unconsciousness. He did not know the baby was at his neighbor's or that the doctor had been to him twice, and had gone away looking very grave indeed. He did not feel the hands of his wife, as she smoothed his forehead, or put ice on his lips.

It was a few minutes of six, when he awoke to consciousness again. He lay quietly watching his wife, and then looked out of the window. In the stillness, the factory whistle sounded, and the man's face twitched. Still he lay motionless. A minute later, the strange look came back into his eyes.

"Jeanie, the day's work's over," he said huskily,—"the day's work's over."

The woman covered her face with her hands and began to cry.

"How's Dad's boy?" went on the husky voice, speaking loudly at first, and then trailing off into the distance, and dying away altogether.

The room was very still. The man did not speak again. The six o'clock whistle had rung for him the last time.

* * * *

The next day a bit of crape was fastened on a humble tenement door, and the day following a humble funeral procession made its way to the cemetery. Another page had been turned in the "short and simple annals of the poor."

THE GLOW OF STARLIGHT.



THEY had stolen along the streets, in at the windows, along the halls, across office floors, over the heads of little children in the nursery, about the dim eyes of the aged,—and, so quietly had they crept over the city, that it was with a certain incredulity that the eyes of childhood and the eyes of age looked up to find them there, and to fall into the net of dreams and fairy tales and visions of ships coming home from the sea, that the silent comers cast out about them, on their way.

They are always silent comers, these dream-bringers, these sorrow-soothers, these night-shadows that fall over the city at twilight, and deepen and intensify until they turn into the enveloping rest-cloud of darkness. So they always fall, sometimes on men, sometimes on nations, sometimes in the soft shades of night upon peaceful cities.

And in the deepened azure of the sky over this shadow-encircled mountain-crowned city, the stars came out, and hanging like eyes of space in infinitude, touched the darkened night with a soft-

ened glow. And, in somewhat of a heedless way the people in the city glanced thoughtlessly at them and went on their various ways.

All save one; and that one was a dreamer; a dreamer of a practical age. His dreams were of throbbing iron engines, his thoughts were on intricate parts of machinery and their intricate uses. He was a mechanic, but a mechanic with the genius of an inventor.

He, only, was looking appreciatively up at the stars, with a somewhat whimsical, somewhat admiring wonder, as to this machinery of the Universe, so perfect that after thousands of years it needed no change, it permitted of no improvement. His failures, his experiments, seemed infinitesimal beside this completeness of a master's handiwork. If he could but grasp at that wisdom for but a moment would he not apply it to that work of his own, which, in his dreams was so near perfection, in reality was so faulty and experimental.

And, then, for the first time, as he looked up at the stars, the marvellous beauty of them held his attention. The poet's appreciation dawned on his practical thinking mind; like the sun sending his bright ray across a darkened valley. He hardly understood the strange, new kinship he felt with the worlds that hung in space. It was as though something that had always lain dormant had awakened, and the beauty of them touched him with its magic fire, uniting the practical worker to his only legitimate chariot—inspiration. There

surged over him a sudden realization of the power that lay behind these stars, like to the power within himself—the power to create. His discouragement slipped from him, and upon his soul rose the “star of the unconquered will.” He would create; he would turn his dream into reality, or die trying!

Far ahead of him he saw with that insight which the dreamer gives to practical power, his own work completed. He had forgotten the long, weary road between. He had felt the touch of the Master Mechanic.

He did not know, as he stood there, that the Mantle of the spirit of the twentieth century had fallen upon him—that spirit which is to give to the age of materialism, the spirit of the poet, and teach the nations of the world, even in the night of revolution, corruption, or shadows of engrossing material advancement, that:

“Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.”



THE OLD MILITARY CEMETERY.



"Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs."

THE old cemetery is somewhat removed from the centre of the city's commercial activity.

An occasional wanderer, it is true, unlatches and pushes open the gate of the high, and to critical eyes, unsightly, board fence enclosing this bit of God's Acre, which time and association have hallowed; an occasional memorial pilgrimage is made to it by the Daughters of the Empire; but, save for these, the graveyard is left to the quiet repose of age. Papineau Road lies off the beaten path of the irreverent tourist and the merely curious of the present generation, and thus there is preserved to this burial ground a certain dignity which befits it as a memorial plot to brave men of a past generation. Under the warm autumn sunshine, with the breath of dying summer whispering a "Hic Jacet" of its own to the sacred dust beneath these age-worn and weather-worn stones, the spirit of the place seemed to awake and impart to the pre-

sent that fragrance of the past, which time can never wholly destroy. A feeling akin to reverence is borne in on one as the fingers trace out the worn epitaphs, or as the shrubs and grass are pushed aside that one may more easily read the faintly carved letters screened by them. Broken stones and monuments, fast crumbling into the dust from which they, too, in some earlier age, were formed, have been mended, and like old veterans who have seen their days of service and wait maimed and wounded for the last great Roll-Call, these old stony sentinels bravely hold their own, and await the "inevitable hour" of final decay and corruption.

What conflicting emotions do the boldly lettered words on this iron-fenced monument near the gateway, bring to the heart; what thoughts of past struggles and differences and regrettable misunderstandings! There in the East Side, with the church bells sending across this stillness their brief chime, assuring us of Peace, Peace, and again Peace, rest the bones of one whose death occurred in that fateful year for the Province, 1837, and whose name was the slogan of the English soldiers during the rebellion. Briefly does this inscription tell us that there lie the remains of one, George Weir, Esq., Lieutenant of Her Majesty's 32nd or Cornwall Regiment, aged twenty-nine years, who was barbarously murdered at St. Denis, Lower Canada, on the 23rd November, 1837. Even the supporters of "les patriotes" themselves speak of his death with that regret with which hasty zeal

is ever viewed by thoughtful men. "Remember 'Jock' Weir," became the cry of the often times too zealous English who had his body brought from Saint Denis, and buried it, mutilated and marred by sabre wounds, in the burying-ground at Montreal.

Here in this quiet spot, in an almost forgotten grave, sleeps your soul, "Jock" Weir. Your death was long ago fully avenged. The statue of Chenier which graces one of our squares, is a continual memento of the full expiation of your untimely death; victims, both of you, of that blind racial struggle which arose out of misunderstanding and short-sighted legislation; brave men, both of you, both youthful, both honorable, and at last the memory of both joined in "the tender grace of a day that is dead."

Nor is this slab in among these others, not without its deep pathos. It also recalls an eventful year, that of 1812, and leaves us to read between the lines the story of the heroism that is not alone found on battlefields; for here lies one who died of typhus fever, contracted while in voluntary attendance at the Emigrant sheds. Lieutenant Lloyd was his name, and the stone was erected by his comrades as a mark of their esteem for him. Many stones here were erected by brother comrades of the dead soldiers, some not without originality and interest in their quaint epitaphs. Such an one is that on the slab over the grave of Troop Sgt.-Major Richard Morley:

Farewell, brother soldier, in peace may'st thou rest,
And light lie the turf on the veteran breast,
For thy weary task in this world is done,
And fought is the battle, the victory won.

Here and there are small stones where one must stoop to read the brief inscriptions, for many children are buried in the cemetery, some of them infants. The familiar inscriptions, "Suffer little children, to come unto Me," "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away," occasionally give place to an original epitaph. On the stone erected for a boy of twelve years—John Robert Fortune—is carved :

Let others boast how strong they are,
Nor death nor stranger fear,
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay,
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

Nor less interesting are the four lines on a stone over the grave of the son of Quarter-Master Adam Cook :

O how thou lovest to stand and gaze
Upon this grassy spot,
And think upon the happy days,
That says forget me not.

Many epitaphs are defaced by the hand of time ; some nearly obliterated. Here lie corporals, ser-

geants, lieutenants, paymasters, and surgeons, besides some of their wives and children. A stone erected to the memory of "Mary," wife of a sergeant in the Grenadier Guards, gives us the quaintly worded information:

A loving wife, a parent kind,
Five children dear I left behind,
Repent in time, make no delay,
For in my prime was took away.

It is indeed "tender grace" of the past that hallows these humble inscriptions, of an earlier day than ours. They, alone, bind us in this present to these fleeting lives. The air, the sunshine, over these graves in the Papineau Road Cemetery, cannot restore one gleam to the eye, one pulse to the veins, one breath to the dust of which were once these men, women and children; cannot bring them to us even in memory; epitaphs and history are the only links.

* * * *

Nearly all the inscriptions breathe a strong religious sentiment, sometimes at the sacrifice of rhyme. The following is one for a certain James Poole:

See a poor sinner, dear'st Lord,
Whose soul encouraged by
Thy word at mercy's footstool,
Would Remain and there Would
Hope and look again.

An unintentional bit of humor is evident in the epitaph of Andrew Green, a man who first saw the light in the Emerald Isle:

The dew drop that falls,
Though in silence it mourns,
Shall long keep your Memory,
Green in my soul.
Erected by his wife Sophia.

Another, for the wife of Richard Burk, cornet and riding-master in the King's Dragoon Guards, bears with it a warning:

Reader, attend, and let the dead impart
A friendly caution firmly to thy heart,
In youth, in age be earnest still thy prayer,
And for death's awful change thy soul prepare.

There is a fine philosophy in the almost indistinguishable words of an epitaph carved nearly a century ago on a slab near the entrance. A word here and there is marked so indistinctly that one sometimes doubts his own reading of it:

Ask who lies here, but do not weep,
He is not dead, he doth but sleep,
This stony register is for his bones,
His fame is more perpetual than these stones,
And his own goodness with himself being gone,
Shall live when earthly monument is gone.

Here they sleep, a few of the millions of humanity of their day. In the stillness the bells ring out their brief chime again. The sun throws its bright fire against a window on the side of Taylor Church,

and it strikes through to the front window in a sudden glow of wonderful color, such a glow and color as last a second, and die. It is setting, going down out of sight, but its glory and warmth and passing loveliness seem to echo those words which Wolfe quoted to his soldiers the night before his own death:

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.



PURPOSE AND SUCCESS.



THE young man sat in a chair, opposite a high and uncurtained office window, at which stood a grey-haired, but erect and vigorous man of some fifty years of age. The latter stood facing the street, and, evidently preoccupied by the passing crowd outside, was paying no attention to the other occupants of the room.

It was the young man who broke the silence. Getting up from his seat, he walked over and stood beside the older man, also looking out at the people who were passing, and said quietly :

"I knew you would pardon my coming to you. I knew you had been through the mill of hard fighting for success, had reached the top of the ladder, and I was beginning. I wanted to know something of what was ahead of me."

The older man turned from the window, and looked at the young man keenly.

"Yes," said he, "but you will not care to hear what I tell you as a result of my experience. You want to become rich. So did I. I am a rich man to-day. Yet, the only message I have for you is,

not to start out in life to get rich. Have a purpose of some kind, but do not let it be money."

The young man turned in surprise.

"But what does a business man desire to get, if not money?"

The older man leaned back against the wall. Then he replied thoughtfully:

"I do not know. I know I have the money, and I have but little satisfaction from its possession. Years ago I had a purpose to do something honestly useful for my city, for my fellow-citizens, but somehow it was all swallowed up in my race for money. Now I am getting on in years; I have the money, but I have lost something in those years I can never get back. I do not know exactly what it is, but I know I lost it, because I saw nothing but the money ahead of me."

The young man smiled sceptically.

"I told you," the older man continued, "that you would not want my advice. You think that I have the money, and can, therefore, moralize. Perhaps you are right."

The people passed and re-passed the window outside. The Notre Dame car clanged by, and still the two men stood motionless. At last the younger man turned away.

"I thank you for your kindness," said he. "I am sorry to have troubled you."

The older man put out his hand.

"I wish I could make you understand that I want to help you. I might talk about business integrity

and methods of work, and competition. I have been through it all, and I may, when I am in the humor, speak of them. But to-day I can only say that if I could change places with you, I should start my life differently. I should not think of the money I was getting, but of the value of the time I was given—the pleasure, the joy, the possibility it contained. Now, it is too late. I know that somewhere I have lost something I greatly desire to have.”

The younger man put out his hand and grasped that of the speaker.

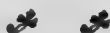
“Perhaps you are right,” said he.

“I know I am right,” was the answer, as the young man stood at the door. “You see,” and the older man’s voice was grave, “when I’m through with it all, I’ve got to leave my money—the memory of happy days I could have taken with me.”

As the young man walked out into St. James street, those words rang in his ears. They seemed to sound above all the hurry and rush of business, the under-current of commerce; the street cars, the passing people repeated them to him:

“I’ve got to leave my money—the memory of happy days I could have taken with me.”

A SABBATH EVENING.



THE sun was sinking in a yellow mist of cloud and light behind the mountain. The pale rays that fell across Fletcher's field, and a little brighter over Cote des Neiges, spoke of the coming twilight, while the cool breeze of early evening stole across the tree-tops on the mountain, and down into the city street.

The wonderful green of the feathery foliage of the trees began to turn grey in the mists of night shadows, and the wanderers on mountain paths and roads, turned homeward. There was a stillness, a hesitancy in the air, as if the miracle of spring were holding nature herself in awe and worship, on this first evening in the week.

On the city's quiet broke the ringing and chimes of church bells. Out upon the streets came the church-goers, in little groups, or singly, and across the light of the city's church doors went the feet of many worshippers. The organs, one after another, and all together, broke out in the melody of opening service. At Christ Church, and St. Paul's,

St. George's and the American Presbyterian, Douglas' Methodist and St. James the Apostle, Emmanuel and Olivet, St. John the Evangelist and St. Martin's, St. James Methodist and First Baptist—Anglican, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregationalist, Methodist, Unitarian—these and others, east and west, north and south, from city's end to city's end, called the people from the city's life and the day's rest, or pleasure, or work, to the evening prayer.



The night falls. Even the late church-goers have made their way into the lighted doorways. The cars clang noisily, and the streets are somewhat deserted. In the churches the voices of Montreal's preachers are calling to the minds of listeners those things which eye sees not, nor the thought of man comprehends—each and every one of them a priest of the Unseen to worshippers of the Unseen.

At the corner, by one of the churches, is a very old man. It will not be long before he will see and know of the mysteries beyond the last gate of life. He is leaning against the fence and listening, while the words come to him distinctly from out the open windows:

"Nearer my God to Thee."

And he sings it over with them.

"Still all my song shall be
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

The congregation lingers on the last words, and the old man's voice breaks quaveringly in the stillness outside.

Down the street the words of another song have stolen out from the windows of another church, and the melodies mingle. Then the first one has died away, and the words, ringing clear and strong, reach the listener:

"Onward, Christian Soldiers
Marching as to war. . ."

The strains come out to the waiting old man. As he listens he shakes his head wearily and turns away. The days of youth call for the song of fighting and struggle: old age for the song of promise, and the trembling lips form the words again softly:

"Nearer my God to Thee."

From one church and another come the strains of the last hymn—or the benediction sounds, as a hush falls over these thousands and thousands of worshippers of an Unseen God.

"May the peace of God," one priest is saying. "The blessing of God," says another. "Be With you all," say they slowly and the thousands of people have bowed their heads in silence.

In one and another the last "Amen" has sounded. The people have come out into the cool evening air. They make their way homeward.

Over all the city the hush and blessing of the first evening of the week have fallen. Somewhere away beyond the sight and hearing of city dwellers, is a choir singing the "Amen" of time and changing it to the anthem of eternity. Only one soul hears that music. It is that of an old man who feebly makes his way homeward, unheeded and alone.



THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH.



THEY follow slowly.

The soldiers, the dead man's colleagues, the men of business, the friends—they march with the slow steps, the bent head, the thoughtful face—slowly, slowly, they pass.

The music alone falls on the silent air. It is the death march. A man who, yesterday, spoke and laughed and enjoyed life, like all these others of the thousand watchers, is gone. He hears not; he sees not; he knows not all this that is passing. He is touched by the quiet of eternity.

The men who walk after will be there, also, some time; and the children who play on the sidewalk, will enter the same path. The great men of our country, and the little children of the poor, face the same end.

The mystery of death!

It is nothing to say, "He is dead!" The three words are the obituary of all the sons of men, "He is dead!"

It is the song of the universe, this—the march of the dead. All men march to this music.

Life is short. Take off the hat, and bend the knee before this death, that comes so soon and so silently. It is death that puts the waiting light in the eyes of man; it is death alone that is sure.

A man is dead! To-day, yesterday, and forever it is the same cry. Man is mortal.

Play the music of death along the street and in the Cathedral. It is the sound of trouble and lament.

But listen also to another melody, the higher melody of the angel robed in black, the music of the spheres. Man is mortal. Man is imperfect. But the music of death is the music of hope.

Bend the knee to the trappings of death, the sign and symbol of what has been. But the expectant eyes, they are for the blue sky. It is from thence comes this strange visitant, called the angel of death, who has a key to every mortal heart, and who opens the door to what shall be.



THE VICTORY.



AN earnest faced man who had walked slowly across Place d'Armes, stopped on the steps of Notre Dame Church, and looked enquiringly into the faces of the passers-by. He closed his right hand tightly once or twice, and impatiently turned his head; as if nervous and forcing himself to self-control. As he lifted his hat to let the cool air strike across his forehead, the lines on his face and the tossed hair spoke of long hours of thought and worry.

After a few minutes he turned and went into the church. Within, the quiet seemed to bring a certain relief to him, and he walked, still thoughtfully, still slowly, down the aisle, toward the chapel.

For this man was fighting a great hate in his heart—a hate for a man who had been his friend, and who had betrayed that friendship. All day the hate had burned into his soul; all day he had tried to forget; since he could not forgive. All day his hand had twitched from desire to repay his injury—in some mortal way,—and now, fearful of the power of the hate, he had come away from the world.

In the dim chapel he sat for a long time. At last he got up and wandered back into the church, and then again into the chapel.

Ah! That was it. He stopped by the figures of Christ and Judas, and read the inscription in Latin, "The traitor's kiss." His friend was such another Judas, a traitor, warmed in the strength of friendship only to sting in this deadly way.

The veins stood out on the man's face, and still fearful of his terrible passion, he turned away, and, falling on his knees, buried his face in his hands.

It was a long time that he knelt there. When he lifted his head, his face was very white. He got off his knees and drew his hand across his forehead. It was damp with perspiration.

As he turned some one got up at the other side of the chapel. An instinctive feeling made him look towards the place, whence the sound came. His enemy stood there, the man who had been his friend.

Together they walked from the chapel into the church; together they passed down the aisle; together they stepped into the cool spring air.

On the steps they turned. The white faced man said nothing but he put out his hand, warm and trembling, and the other took it.

Once more had the lesson of the Cross not been given to the world in vain.

A DAISY FIELD.



THE little child gathered the daisies about him, one by one. His cap lay in the grass where it had fallen. His baby hair tossed curly and tousled about his head, in the summer breeze. His face was flushed by the heat of the sun.

Under the trees, at a distance, he could see his mother sitting. Sometimes he would kneel in the long grass, to rest his tired feet, and then he would wave his flowers gleefully at her.

Soon the little fists were full. Not one stem more could be pressed in among the others, and he stopped, and looked about him in perplexity. So far it seemed to the end of the field, and another field after that, all white with daisies. Thousands and thousands of the 'looking up at the sun, while in his hand, the few he had picked looked so very few. Would the mother be pleased with only the little bunch he could bring her? Tears came to the baby's blue eyes. The bigness of the fields, and his littleness troubled him. His lip quivered, and holding the flowers up to his face, he ran to his mother sobbing and crying because he could bring her only so few,—only so few!

And the mother comforted him. She understood. After a little he looked up through his tears and smiled at her, and forgot life's first lesson in man's limitations.

The years went by and the child grew to manhood. And in the youth of that manhood his heart craved for knowledge. He studied diligently, he worked incessantly. Above all else in his life was the longing to know. And it happened, that, after many years had passed, he had acquired enough wisdom as well, to see the immensity and infinitude of the field upon which he stood, and the littleness of what he had gleaned from it. As he realized how little he could ever know, how high the barriers were before him, how steep the road upon which he walked, his heart was sickened with despair and dismay. He chafed at his limitations and his hands dropped useless.

Again a hand touched him and comforted him. Again was it the hand of a woman, though not the hand of his mother, and a woman's voice taught him that greater than knowledge is love, and love alone, can sanctify knowledge. His eyes were opened to see that the man who seeks knowledge for his own pleasure, forgets that it is the birth-right of all mankind and no one can obtain more than his allotted amount of it, and that limited. And the man, though he never forgot the anguish, learned his lesson, and in the future kept the weal of his fellow men in his heart above the love of knowledge.

And the years passed on. An old man lay dying. About his bed knelt his children. Before him was the priest. But the old man did not see them. Instead he saw a field of daisies and a golden-haired child, and, even as he wondered, the child became the great world, and the child a man, who grieved at his limitations. In his delirium he struggled to free himself from the cord that bound him to them, and cried out in his agony as he felt them lighten about him. And again a hand touched him and comforted him. Again a voice spoke to him, and in speaking, cut the cord that bound him, and man's last limitation was taken away. For the voice was the voice of God, Who held in His hand for the struggling soul, infinite knowledge and infinite love.



THE SUNSHINE OF YOUTH.



UNDER the warm noon sunshine, shaded by the green trees, and cooled by the spraying water of the fountains, St. Louis square was attracting the steps of many passers-by to the shaded paths and benches. One of these, a youth of some eighteen summers, had strolled in from St. Denis street, and had sat down on one of the benches by the pond, leaning his head back, and, from his half-shut eyelids, watching the water as it came up from the fountains, and fell in little jets of light and pearl-tinted drops into the pond below. The ripples made by the falling drops, came and went, and ran into other little ripples, made by other little pearl-drops and jets of spray, which fell in almost unbroken regularity, save when the strong breeze caught them, as it did on the corner where the boy sat, and tossed them over to him with a playfulness, but precision of aim, that left his face damp with the cooling mist.

Indolently he noticed the other occupants of the benches. Just opposite, a mother was watching her baby as he made his way along the gravel path. On the next bench along were four men arguing strongly over some disputed point. The others held an occasional idler like himself, and children a plenty, dirty, clean, fair-haired and dark-haired, their chatter coming to him as part of the warmth and hum about him.

And continually weaving itself into his castles in the air came the soft music of the falling water. Now it was the clapping of hands, and again the praise of many voices; now the musical voice of a woman, and again the silvery laughter of children; now the whispering of flowers over his grave, and again the song of the robin in the spring-time; now the murmur of inspiration and ambition, and again the lamenting of defeat and discouragement.

It was a bright splash of sunshine across his face that awoke him from his dreaming, and he let his eyes wander again over the pond and square. Then, idly, he watched the sun rays and shadows as they played across the water and in the dancing spray. It was as a part of the warmth and light that a voice came in across his dreams, and he raised his eyes to meet those of an old, white-haired priest, who had stopped on the walk before him, and who sat down on the bench, as he repeated his question:

"Well, Pierre, my boy—idling away your time, day-dreaming?"

The boy answered with the ease and frankness that comes of long acquaintance :

"I am watching the sun on the water, Father. When the light falls brightest on it, how dark the shadows come and go. The sunshine brightens, truly, but it also darkens."

The priest looked out on the pond and the spraying water, as it rested or played in the sunshine and shadow. Then his eyes came back to the pathway where the sun, glinting through the wavering leaves of the trees, cast shadows and outlines on the ground at their feet.

"The beauty of nature's sketching," was the priest's answer, as he pointed out the wavering shadows on the walk, "is only truly made by the light and the shadow. It is the light of life that makes the shadow, and without the shadow there would be no true loveliness. At night, when I walk in my garden, and the moonlight shines through vine and tree foliage, or a light from a window strikes across them, I stand in wonder at the mystical beauty of it. The greyness of clouds and twilights, and middle lights; the broken gleams of light through darkness, and rising suns,—come from the light and the shadow, marked distinctly, or mingling,—see,—the beauty of that shadowed leaf."

The boy's eyes fell dreamily on the sun-penciled shadow before them, and he looked at the priest earnestly, as he said slowly :

"I wonder," his eyes were now questioning the older man's, "I wonder if the whole life ahead of

me, Father, will be so marked,—crossed by these lights and darks,—sometimes in long rays of golden sunlight,—sometimes in the dark shadow,—is this life?"

The thoughtful words and questioning eyes of the boy made the priest turn toward him with a gesture of sympathy.

"Pierre," said he, kindly, "that is life. It is only when the sunshine and dark mingle in the twilight of life, that the strength of joy and the bitterness of sorrow turn into the beautiful, but grey and shadowless resignation."

The two sat silent for a few minutes. Then the priest arose and stood looking down at the boy whose eyes reflected the deep clear blue of the sky.

"It is so, Pierre," continued he, gently, "that I look back to my youth, across which the glad sun of ambition and ardor and strength ever shone. One day, I left the sunshine and stumbled through darkest night and thickest forest. After a while gleams of light came through, like the sunshine after a storm, but never so strong again and soon shadow and sunshine mingled and drew over me the greyness of twilight."

The boy looked at the priest with that questioning wonder of life still on his face.

"And for me, there is the shadow and the twilight,—after the sunshine,—" his voice was wistful,—"I must see the shadows come, and the twilight fall, and look back,—as all the world must look back. This,—this is life."

There was something in his voice that touched a chord in the older man's heart, and he took him by the arm, with a gesture of affection, as he answered :

"Yes, Pierre, it is life. Every one, unless he fall in the heat of the battle, must come to the twilight. But, Pierre, listen. All men may stand on the hills,—and I stand there, Pierre, and see the golden lights of a land beyond the setting sun. In all glory of sunshine and shadow there is no glory like that of the after-lights and promise-lights,—which fling back one golden message as the sun goes down."

"And that, Father?" The boy's eyes were shining.

"That the sun shall rise in the morning,—in the freshness and newness and beauty of a new day."

"And,—?"

The priest's strong face looked at his companion kindly :

"So too shall the twilight of our evening change to the dewy freshness of youth, and the glory of early sunshine, when the morning dawns. Even now Pierre, I see the sunshine of youth waiting for me in that morning, the morning of Eternity."

In the stillness that followed a light crept into the boy's blue eyes. The face of the old priest was as if a glory had fallen over it, as he looked off into a distance, that the other could not see; and the light in his eyes was like to the light of youth; while his own lips smiled in sympathy as he

felt the pressure of Pierre's hand, and heard him say gently :

"We are both in the borderland,—both in the borderland."

And the old priest echoed slowly :

"Yes, Pierre, both in the borderland."



THE COOL OF THE EVENING.



THE leaves of the maple tree stirred and rustled in the breeze, and the voices of the children playing below the window fell on the air like the curfew of the day's strenuous struggle. The man leaned out and looked into the his coat, dusty from the city streets, and tossed garden below. After a few minutes he slipped off it to one side; then he sat down in the easy chair by the window.

The day was over. He felt the relief that that knowledge brought to him, but, even in the quiet of the room, one by one, the aftermath of the business difficulties crowded in on his brain. That business transaction and this one had gone wrong,—and had worried him. The lines deepened on his face.

From the garden below there came to him the fragrance of the lilacs and the lilies of the valley. He could hear the rumble of the cars on a near-by street,—and could see, in the distance, the gleam of

the blue waters of the St. Lawrence, and the funnels of the ocean steamships.

Still there came up to him the music of the children's voices. The cool breeze crept in and tossed the hair, and smoothed out the lines on his forehead. Even the lines about his mouth relaxed and he threw back his arms with a long breath of relief.

Somewhere from the past came to him the memory of another garden, an old-fashioned garden, with hollyhocks and sweet-williams and pinks, where he played as a boy. Every corner of that old garden had been a fairyland to him. Now, even when he stood in beautiful gardens, there was always business, business, business, ringing in his brain.

He put out his hand and ran it thoughtfully along the stem of the vine that had grown up by the window. The vine grew so slowly, so surely, so perfectly. It did not warp itself by reaching out to catch more rain than nature intended for it.

But with him there were stocks and loans, and investments and speculations, political interests and civic interests; society demands, long days and short nights; and a horizon extending to the bounds of his own office, and a few other offices on St. James and Notre Dame streets.

Again a whiff from the flowers in the garden came up to him and he leans out of the window and looks down into it. A little brown-haired girl is standing just below.

"Come down, daddy," says an entreating voice, and a baby hand tosses him a kiss on the tips of the fingers.

• • • •

Down in the garden, on the soft green grass, the man is telling a little girl of a very old-fashioned garden of long ago. Somehow in the coolness of the evening the weight of business seems to slide away out of the garden gate. He can see it resting on the shoulders of other men coming up-town. He can hear it in the distant hum of the city. But it has slipped from his shoulders, and the murmur of it is drowned in the whisper of a little brown-haired girl, who has twisted her warm little arms about his neck, and is saying into his ear,

"You're just the dearest, dearest daddy."



" COMME ON MEURT."



"DO you repent, my son?" The clergyman bent earnestly over the form of the dying man. "Do you truly repent, and desire to be at peace with God?"

The form of the man on the bed moved a little, and his eyes opened. He spoke with difficulty. "I do not know why you have come to me, nor who has sent you. I wish not to be troubled. I desire to die alone."

The clergyman's face did not relax in its seriousness, nor did he turn away. "Let me pray for your repentance. Let me ask God's blessing on your soul before it passes over the river," said he, in reply, putting his hand on the hand of the dying man. Again the man answered: "If so be there is a God, I, myself, shall stand before Him ere an hour be gone. I can plead my own cause, and beg His forgiveness. He will judge as pleases Him. Leave me to die alone."

"And do you not," said the clergyman, "fear to die thus, alone, without repentance, without prayer?" The man on the bed turned towards him somewhat impatiently. "I fear nothing. I was

born. Now I die. My work is done. I have not left my repentance until now. Your prayers would but weary me. I beg of you to go." The clergyman turned toward the door. "May God have mercy!" said he piously, as he took up his hat. "I thank you for your kindness, but I do not need you," said the dying man.

The door closed. The man moved his head to ease it, and crossed his hands on his breast. His fast dimming eyes looked out of the window through which shone the dying rays of the setting sun. His lips parted in a smile.

"Fear death!" he whispered. "Fear death! Nay, I welcome death—death, the ferry man, perhaps, or the dream goblin, or the eternal quieter, or an angel—I know not—but always a friend. Good-bye, kind old sun, I go with you, out of sight; good-bye, old earth, with your beauties and happiness and sorrow; good-bye, all the dream men and women who will soon say good-bye to it all, even as I; good-bye. I am glad to die. Fear death! As the flowers fear the sun, I fear death.'

Slowly, in the west, the light of the sun disappeared. The evening shadows crept about the motionless form of a man, upon the bed, in a dim and silent room. And they found him, peaceful, as though sleeping, and a smile, like a child's on his face—dead.